



ISSANJI

HARTFORD STREET ZEN CENTER

57 Hartford Street, San Francisco, California, 94114
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- WINTER 1998 -

HSZC is a neighborhood Zen Temple in the heart of the Castro district that provides a practice place for gay men, lesbians, and friends. It is also called Issanji, "One Mountain Temple", after its founder Issan Dorsey Roshi. The Temple was started in 1980, and offers a daily practice schedule, sitting instruction, Saturday public lectures, and special mid-day sittings for the HIV community and caregivers. The resident teacher is the retired Abbot Zenshin Philip Whalen, who is available for dokusan (practice interviews) by appointment.

The Dead Spot

by Diane Rizzetto

Excerpts from her HSZC Saturday talk in October. Diane is head of the Bay Zen Center and a disciple of Joko Beck.

Most of you, at one time or another, have watched trapeze artists perform high in the air, swinging out from one bar, letting go, and taking hold of the next bar – often without a net. They seem to fly through the air so effortlessly that their movements appear seamless.

Some time ago I was listening to an interview with a young trapeze artist who came from a family of performers that had passed on the art for many generations. The interviewer asked her to describe what took place as she went through these steps – swinging out, letting go, and continuing on. Actually, she said, "The moment we let go of one bar and grab onto the next, there is a suspension or point zero that trapeze artists

call the "dead spot." And it's in that dead spot where the next trick is born from."

How like our life and our practice. Letting go of one

action, thought, sensation and grabbing onto the next. And how much like life – how letting go of one thing and beginning another can place us in a suspended moment a moment, hour, day or even months that can be very frightful. We cannot avoid our dead spots. Life is full of them, and they are always our teachers.

Our dead spots can take many forms. It could be a major event like changing a relationship or job, the loss of a loved one or indecision over what action to take in a situation. Whatever it is, no matter how big or small, the dead spot appears whenever – either forced or willingly – we cannot engage in our habitual way of holding and grasping. Life pries our fingers loose no matter how much we try to avoid it, and we end up in the dead spot – that place of not knowing what comes next.



Avalokitesvara (late 7th century, Nara)

Some years ago I had some medical problems and had to wait several weeks for test results. During that time I found myself smack dab in the middle of the dead spot because I didn't know what to expect. Either I had a minor problem or else a life threatening illness, so for several days I grasped first at one bar and then the next: "I'm going to die" - "I'm going to live." Finally, I decided the only way to get some relief was to convince myself of the worst; at least then I wouldn't have to deal with not knowing.

When we are in that place of not knowing there is no safety net under us. We just kind of hang there. Suspended action. Suspended thinking. Suspended knowing. Just this. It's very difficult to just hang there for long, so we grab onto the next thought. But a lot can be learned in those moments, no matter how short a time we can be with it. With awareness, even three seconds can contain a thousand million *kalpas* of teaching. Being just this. Then things can change a little. We don't find ourselves swinging from the same bar to the next over and over, nor spinning the same stories in the same situations. Something changes. What is that like? To be in the dead spot. Right here. When we bring our awareness to this, something shifts at a very deep level. We begin to respond to the moment rather than react.

Grabbing at the bars that swing back and forth is an automatic reaction when we need to feel secure by figuring things out. When I was struck with the possibility that I might have a life-threatening illness, the first thing I wanted was to know, even if what I told myself was a lie. The truth was I wouldn't have any information until the tests came in, but it was easier to tell myself I knew something.

The bars are our habitual way of being in the world. From my point of view, our practice is about learning what those bars are and slowly learning how to rest in the dead spot. Just this. Unless we know what those bars are, the things we let go of and grab onto, then we do it over and over. There is nothing wrong with that, it's called being a human being. But if we are engaged in the practice of studying the self, it includes studying how we hold onto the idea of self. Then something deeper, beyond the ordinary self, begins to emerge. Maybe we are just like the trapeze artists, flying through the air with the greatest of ease... It's a beautiful way to live our life. The more often we're willing to be in that place of "don't know," the more we come to trust that place and experience its richness. My teacher Joko says, "Simple; not easy." But worthwhile for sure.



HSZC News

There was a jukai ceremony (lay initiation) on November 20th for Carl Jerome. He said, "My most vivid memories were of the penetrating power of the chanting (the zendo was packed with visitors and practitioners), and the intensity I felt at hearing my new name."

Winter rains are here and the zendo is leaking again! The good news is that a generous gift from a member let us refurbish the living room with new couches, tables, blinds and lamps. In the back garden, the wood tiles around Issan's memorial rock have rotted and needed replacement. There is a stack of cobblestones awaiting someone's expertise and inspiration. Please contact HSZC if you are interested in helping. On Oct. 14th and 15th, service was dedicated to Matthew Shepard, who died several days after being fatally assaulted in Laramie, Wyoming.

Welcome Event Saturday January 23rd, 2:00-4:00 pm. Everybody welcome! Discussions over tea and cookies followed by brief sitting and posture review. Several 10 minute sessions of zazen, a short Dharma talk, and a chance to ask questions. Bring friends.

One-Day Sitzings The first Saturday of each month, from 5:00 am to 5:00 pm. Optional half-day or partial-day sittings also available. The day includes morning service, *oryoki* breakfast in the zendo, a Dharma talk, midday service, *oryoki* lunch, and tea. Practice interviews with resident teacher Zenshin Philip Whalen are available upon request when making your reservation. Call Carl Jerome (415) 431-5077 to reserve a space, make arrangements for a shorter sitting, scholarship information, or *oryoki* instruction. Cost: Members \$25. Non-members \$35.

Saturday Dharma Talks Thanks to Shunko, Zenshin, Diane Rizzetto, Joan Sutherland, Zenshin, Hyunoong Sunim, Fuyu Nancy Schroeder, Alan Senuake, Kyoshin Wendy Lewis, Shunsen Barbara Kohn, Katherine Thanas, and Seido Lee deBarros for sharing their sense of practice with us. Also, thanks to Doctor Tenzin Choerak for his talk on Meditation and Healing in October which is available on our web site: <http://members.aol.com/hszc>.

Community Thrift Store 625 Valencia St. at 17th. 415-861-4910. Please keep your donations of old clothes, furniture and books coming. Drop off donations at the side door on Sycamore Alley, and register them to HSZC, account #155.

Business Corner Books available: *Canoeing Up Cabarga Creek*, Zenshin Philip Whalen's book of Buddhist poems – \$12, and *Street Zen* by Tensho David Schneider – \$13.

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May I Be Happy

by Susan Moon

Excerpts from her Saturday talk at HSZC in August. Susan Moon has been practicing at Berkeley Zen Center for over 20 years. She is author of "The Life and Letters of Tofu Roshi," and Editor of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship Newsletter.

In the last year, the end of a relationship brought up early losses that I'd never really faced. I found myself dealing with intense pain, restlessness, and unrelenting self-involvement. I'm feeling better now, better enough so that at least I can talk about it.

One thing I kept wondering about during the long dark months was, "Where does my Zen practice come in here? How can it help me?" I had been told by teachers in the past, and partially believe it myself, that we don't practice in order to get anything. We don't sit zazen in order to get happy. We sit zazen in order to sit zazen. Zazen sits zazen. But there have been times when those words sounded to me like a steel gate closing, when I've wanted a comfort that has been hard to find in Zen practice.

I think it's all right to ask for comfort from our practice. After all, the 4 noble truths are about suffering, the 8-fold path is the way to move towards liberation from suffering, and meditation is part of this path. So isn't it okay to sit zazen and hope to have my suffering relieved? How do I put that together with not wanting to get anything? Sometimes I feel impatient with the statement that we don't try to get anything. Maureen Stewart used to say that we have a responsibility to be happy. So if being happy is a responsibility, then why can't we practice in order to be happy? I don't mean this in a superficial way of getting what we want, but in the sense of being open to joy. I think it's helpful to allow ourselves to ask for that.

Many people come to Buddhist practice because they want liberation from their suffering, but then find out it doesn't happen easily. You have to let go at the same time that you ask. When I felt I was coming apart, to sit down in zazen was very difficult. I found the idea of no self and the teaching of emptiness very scary and dark. So I began to describe emptiness by focusing on interconnectedness: how we are all woven together in Indra's net.

My impulse to feel a presence that I am part of has also led me to think about prayer. In the Tibetan tradition they pray to Tara, and in our tradition we have the *Hymn to Prajna Paramita*, who "brings light so that all fear and distress may be forsaken." That's kind of like a prayer. I've also been looking at Christianity, and recently attended a seminar on Christian contemplation with Thomas Keating, a Trappist monk. He teaches "centering prayer," which is similar to zazen in many ways. You sit comfortably with your back straight, concentrate on breathing and "consent to God's presence." You let go of the fixed self and move into union. At first you feel shy and self-conscious, so you use prayers that others have taught you and gradually come to know God as a friend. Then you move on to deeper levels of trust and commitment. Keating speaks of it very much as a relationship.

The idea of a relationship happening while one is meditating intrigues me and I wonder how to think about that in zazen. Can we see it as a relationship, with emptiness and our Buddha nature? I don't know. Keating says that contemplative practice is a way to purify ourselves of old pain and hurt. As we let go of fixed points of reference, we don't have to fear being lost completely like a drop of water in the ocean. The whole universe moves into the drop. This reminds me of Dogen: you still maintain your unique identity but contain the whole universe and are contained in it. In hard times, I particularly appreciate this sense of being contained. It also helps me to remember that our lives unfold according to our karma, to myriad causes and conditions, created by ourselves and by others, and we can have faith in that process of unfolding.

When we sit, we observe painful feelings arise and pass away. But sometimes, painful feelings arise and I don't see them passing away. They seem to get worse. At those times, other practices are more helpful to me, like bowing, prayer, and reciting sutras. I need something to surrender myself to when I am unable to do much else. At different times we may need a different emphasis in our practice. I am not arguing for giving up zazen, but I'm learning not to be rigid about form. I am comforted the cushion is always there, and I have faith in the practice of mindfulness and am extremely grateful for it. When the forms of my practice expand, then practice also expands me. And when I feel bad, it comforts me to know that wise people who have gone before have also suffered and found ways to work with their suffering. And we have many of those people in our own tradition.

Maitri Update

by Danny Sauro

On December 1st, World AIDS Day, Maitri celebrated the first anniversary of its new home on Duboce Street. It has been a year of great change. The epidemic shifted as a new class of drugs gave many people living with HIV renewed hope. In response, Maitri has transformed to meet the evolving needs of the community of people with HIV. What has not changed, since Issan founded Maitri eleven years ago, is our fundamental mission to provide compassionate care to people with AIDS.

This year, 56 residents have called Maitri home. Thirty-five of those have died peacefully. Others came to Maitri to recover from serious illness and stayed until they were able to live independently again. Others, permanently disabled by HIV, continue to need our 24-hour skilled nursing care.

This holiday season has been festive at Maitri. It began at Halloween with a costume party and continued through Thanksgiving when our cooks outdid themselves with a huge spread for residents and guests. Maitri residents will get together to decorate a holiday tree on December 14th.

In 1987, no one could have foreseen how Maitri would evolve in order to continue realizing its mission. We acknowledge the long and sometimes arduous journey that led us from Hartford Street to Duboce Street, and give thanks for the support, commitment and love by everyone at HSZC in this ongoing process. Whatever challenges may come, we will continue to provide compassionate friendship to every individual who passes through our doors. Contact: 558-3000 if you want to volunteer.

Zen Dish

Your letters and articles are always welcome. Next newsletter deadline is March 1st. Write HSZC, Attn. Newsletter, E-mail HSZC@aol.com, or call Jennifer Birkett at 415-647-0465.

Careening Towards Kensho

by John R. Killackey

Waking up paralyzed from the neck down, I entered a new realm. Spirit, heart, and body imploded as morphine, fear, and pain colluded. I tried to comprehend and name what had happened in the surgery. Dawn was always the worst time with the medical shifts changing, I was alone staring back at the world.

Two weeks post-op, internal hemorrhaging rushed me back

into intensive care. "Get Larry," I pleaded. I needed to see my husband. The burden seemed too much and I was ready to go on. Shortly thereafter he shook me back to consciousness and cried, "Don't die on me." I returned through his eyes, words, and breath. Blood transfusions stabilized me and a few days later I got to work restructuring my body. One month later, Larry took me home in a wheelchair. Two years later, we walk together careening from side to side assisted by a cane and brace.

Many have asked what role my Buddhism played throughout this catastrophic ordeal. I began sitting zazen with the late Isshū Miura Roshi in the late 1970s and have subsequently studied with various teachers, including the 16th Gyalwa Karmapa, Rangjung Rigpe Dorje. Two decades of study and practice did prepare me, not always in expected ways.

Pre-morbid, Larry and I detailed our living wills. I did not want artificial life support. Believing that death was not an end, merely a transition, was enormously helpful. My single reluctance was attached to Larry: I still would not know how to ask his forgiveness if I was to go first. Post-morbid, I found despair and frustration obscuring any sense of resolution and acceptance in meditation. Along the path of recovery, I often conjured Mañjushri's sword, seeking clarity to my confusion. I also reflected on the karmic implications of my paralysis, reconsidering my actions so as not to carry them forward.

While taking my first new steps, I was encouraged by Thich Nhat Hanh's teachings about silent walking meditation and Pema Chodron's reminders of always beginning from where we are right now. Simply placing one foot consciously in front of the other makes me more mindful of intention and consequence. The holiness of my breath is underscored and impermanence illuminated as I exist with the duality of body and spirit.

My relationship to the dharma has deepened, though I have lost my place in the community with whom I sought refuge. The sangha is ill prepared for accommodating different abilities. Few temples and zendos are accessible, making it next to impossible for those of us who use chairs, walkers, canes, braces, or working dogs to join fully in prayer and contemplation. Not only would ramps, elevators, and chairs facilitate us meditating together, but more thoughtfully conceived kitchens and gardens would allow us to work together as well.

Even with all the challenges, there have been many gifts. Twenty years ago, Isshū Miura Roshi spoke about *kensho* as "seeing into one's real nature through self-awakening in the body." Disability has given me opportunities to understand some of his teaching. My connectivity to the world is also deepening as I experience a broader resonance with sentient beings. In being more dependent, I am hoping to be more helpful.

Reigning Cats and Dogs

by Peter Damien

Guide Dogs usually "work" from 3 to 6 years. At that time, they are "retired," which means they are adopted into a family, where they don't "work." They get to have normal dog lives. This happened to Gobi in October. His report cards so far are exceptional. While I miss him, I remain convinced that the right decision was made. I am using a cane for travel outside the house. At home, Buckley the cat and Dexter (Bob's black lab-greyhound mix) are the only invited animals. We also have some mice, but Buckley is so well fed, he's just not interested in being "The Exterminator."

Ram Dass Speaks to Hospice Workers

by Tove Beatty

Zen Hospice Project recently sponsored a retreat for hospice workers and volunteers at Spirit Rock's new facility, and a group of 200 got to sit at the feet of Baba Ram Dass in a rare appearance. His recent stroke left him with speech aphasia and right-side paralysis, which he called "very heavy grace." Ram Dass said, "It's affected the 'waiting room' in my mind, the place where thoughts go to turn into words. So now I just surf the silence while I wait for the words." On the topic of psychedelic drugs, he offered: "Now when people ask me if they should take acid, I tell them to go spend some time with a dying person. The shift in reality is the same. Cuddle up to death if you want to get really high."

Healing Racism in Our Sanghas

by Mushim Ikeda-Nash

When I was a kid growing up in Ohio, the USA was called a "melting pot" for different races and ethnicity's. I imagined my Crayola 64 pack thrown into a pot on an electric stove, the different colors, including the pinky-beige "flesh" crayon, stewing and merging. I accepted the melting pot ideal; it seemed reasonable and good if it meant equal job opportunities for all Americans. Much later, after I became a Zen student, I accompanied my teacher, Korean monk Samu Sunim, on several pilgrimages to North American Buddhist temples and communities. Sunim was curious to discover what was brewing in American Buddhism of the mid-1980s. One day we'd be sitting in a funky basement with Vietnamese children, eating *ramen*; a few days later, we were sipping tea from gold-rimmed bone china cups in Chogyam Trungpa's office in

Boulder, Colorado. The divisions between what are now called the "ethnic Buddhist" centers (people of color, mostly Asian immigrants) and "mainstream American Buddhist" centers (mostly white, educated, heterosexual, middle-class Americans and some Europeans), were clear, and at the same time widely unacknowledged.

Healing Racism in Our Sanghas was a one-day event held in Berkeley on November 7th. It was organized by the Working Group on Buddhism and Racism, and cosponsored by the Buddhist Peace Fellowship. Around one hundred Buddhists, including many people of color, attended. We meditated together, extending *metta* to ourselves, to one another, to the world. Proceeding from the understanding that American Buddhist sanghas suffer from unconscious, institutionalized racism in the same way that American society at large suffers, the Working Group opened a dialogue: How can we make our sanghas more welcoming and comfortable to people of color? How do people of color experience oppression within sanghas? What are the tools and resources in Buddhist teachings and practices that can help us transform race-based bias and ignorance into compassionate wisdom? The program included panel presentations on racism, white privilege, and building allies, and small and large council groups through which everyone present could speak and be heard. The room and altars were decorated with Buddhist figures, African masks, Huichoie prayer bowis, and cloths from Peru, Japan, and Tibet.

Racism is one of the most painful areas of human experience. Going there is difficult, scary work. It is hard to listen to people's anger and pain. It is hard to trust. The November event was only the beginning; we hope to continue with other events, making safe places for this work to continue. If you would like to get more information, e-mail healracism@yahoo.com or call me in Oakland, at (510) 428-9198.



The Begging Bowl

by George Gayuski

One of the most stunning moments in my 25 years of practice came early one morning under a deep azure sky in Thailand as I accompanied a Theravadan monk on begging rounds. A beautiful, young, simply dressed woman emerged from her modest house carrying a silver colored bowl mounded beautifully with white rice. She approached the monk deliberately but without haste and with eyes cast down offered rice to the monk. As he accepted her offering she made a sincere bow with her palms together. I felt deeply her appreciation for the monk's practice. The sincerity yet ordinariness of her demeanor still inspires me many years later.

Sometime before this trip to Thailand I read that a major source of a monk's inspiration comes from support received from lay patrons, who wake up before dawn every day to cook carefully made food offerings for the monks. In Asian countries monks depend on their lay patrons for food, study materials, robes and even the incense used in daily offerings. The generosity of their supporters inspires the monk's practice and also supports the temple's larger needs.

In Buddhist tradition, it is customary for the lay community to support a temple. "Dana" is a Pali word that sometimes translates as "gift, alms, donation" or even "generosity". Dana is one of the "Six Perfections" (*Paramitas*), one of the "Ten Contemplation's" (*anussati*) and the most important of the meritorious works (*punya*). Generosity is regarded as a primary antidote to afflictive states of mind such as the realm of the "hungry ghost", a psychology mired in mental or spiritual poverty. Traditionally offerings are anonymous – to assure expression of generosity without need of recognition.

Here in the United States, we don't have an established protocol to support Buddhist temples, so centers have had to develop ways to support themselves. San Francisco Zen Center, for example, opened a grocery store, bakery and a restaurant to create a labor market for students and income for the center. In the US it is not uncommon for churches to be forward about financial needs and obligations, but this is not the style in the Buddhist tradition. Often practitioners come from backgrounds where money was an obsessive topic even though their church may have been quite wealthy. People don't feel the need to offer financial support if not specifically asked. There is an "embarrassment about money," as Trungpa Rinpoche used to call it.

Many of Hartford Street Zen Center's generous patrons of the past have passed away. Over the last year, losses overall have been greater than gains, though one generous sponsor recently bought new furniture for our living room. We are trying to take care of the house so that you will have a well-cared place to practice, but we need your support. We have,

for example, a structural leak in the zendo that needs to be taken care of. And, if our furnace were replaced, we would save in monthly heating bills and be able to enlarge the zendo. Please help us continue to support each other on the spiritual path and contribute to planting Buddhism here in America.



Buddha and the Brain

by Lou Hartman

Excerpts from his lecture at HSZC in July. A Zen priest since 1977, Lou was a writer and radio talk show host before coming to Zen center in 1968.

This morning's talk began when I opened a fortune cookie in a restaurant on Grant Street. The message said: "Our first and last love is self love." I was immediately reminded of the story about a king and queen in Buddha's day who were noted for their loving marriage. One night one of them said in the darkness, "Who do you love best?" After a long pause the answer came. "Myself." And the reply, "I too." Next day, they presented their situation to the Buddha who said: "You are right. The one we love most is our self."

But didn't the Buddha teach that there is no self? He did not. What he said is "There is no self to be *got at*." No matter how fine a web you weave to catch the self, it always slips through. Yet it also is continually "in our face." We love it, hate it, attempt always to draw everyone and every thing into the structure of this non-existent yet oh-so-palpable ghost. That is why we find it so difficult to just sit and watch what arises. Sometimes we watch the sound of liberation and we echo "yes" to the teachings of the ancestors. But the next instance we are back in the samsaric world, the creation of our karma.

Tenshin *sensei* once told me that genes are a kind of karma. I have an inherited form of minor epilepsy, which

manifested early in life in the shape of the hallucinations you read about in *Alice in Wonderland*. A sense of growing, then shrinking, of watching people disappear as I look at them. But they got in the way of my proper conduct in what I was told was "the real world." So for fifty years I studied my "self" so that I could have a safe and stable one, which I thought was the self that other people had. It was only thirty years ago that I heard from Dogen that the way out of my predicament was to drop this treasured possession on which I had lavished so much time and energy. It was wonderfully encouraging, but as a practical and pragmatic modern American, to be told just "sit zazen" was not enough. How does that create conditions for liberation?

Recently, there came to my attention a book titled *Zen and the Brain*. The author is James Austin, emeritus professor of neurology at the University of Colorado, a practicing Buddhist of the Rinzai school, who was a student of Kabori roshi and Sasaki roshi in Kyoto in the 70's. His position is this: To demolish such an intricate structure as the imagined self, you have first to understand how it came to be put together. From the instant you drew your first breath and the first dendrite in your brain began its intricate journey to the place in your skull it now inhabits. The 600 pages recounting his researches is far more exciting than any science fiction. Here is a brief quotation.

"At the boundaries between 'self' and 'other,' neurological events take place that become vital to our understanding of enlightenment. We begin to move beyond our physical and psychic selves towards a larger domain of consciousness. We see ourselves not as isolated organisms but part of a whole population of events taking place now and in the past. There are four worlds involved: the perceptual, emotional, rational, and intuitive. But perhaps there is a fifth world beyond all this, a transpersonal world. The early Zen masters said there was."

Huangbo called it "an open access into the universal principle. Dr. Austin believes that the discoveries in the neurological laboratories that he presents also tell us this. So I am encouraged in my personal belief that we in the west are in the same place that the practical Chinese were when the first flood of Buddhist teachings swept in from India. How to understand them and still remain Chinese and not imitation Indians? When they realized that they had in Taoism a method for making this alliance viable in their here-and-now, Buddhism in China took off. The brain that Dr. Austin talks about is Suzuki roshi's brain and Dogen's brain and Bodhidharma's brain. So what excites me about all this is that now we in the West have a language which allows us to strengthen our traditional practice without either distorting the Teachings or denying our western inheritance. After all, Shakyamuni was the first modern scientist of record. Wasn't his basic teaching "Clearly Observe?"

Groups Meeting at HSZC

HIV Sitting Group For those with HIV, caregivers, lovers, and friends. Meets Thursday and Friday at 10:30 am. Meditation instruction offered in secular terms, followed by sitting until 11:00 am. Contact: Carl Jerome (415) 431-5077.

Dharma Sisters are temporarily not meeting. For further information: Contact: Susan Schoen: (415) 665-7544.

San Francisco Mindfulness Community Students of Thich Nhat Hanh meet the 1st and 3rd Monday for meditation and discussion: 7:30 to 9:00 pm. Contact: Avi Magidoff (415) 546-6566.

Meditation for Recovery Meets the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, 7:30 to 9:00 pm. We offer meditation instruction, practice and discussion in special sessions designed specifically for people in recovery. Contact: George Gayuski (415) 861-6160 or e-mail HSZC@aol.com.

HSZC Temple Schedule

HSZC offers a traditional schedule of Zen meditation. For those new to zazen, instruction is required prior to participation in formal meditation periods, and is available by appointment. There is a public lecture every Saturday at 10:00 am, followed by discussion and tea. All are welcome. Please arrive at least 5 minutes prior to all scheduled times.

MORNING: Monday through Friday

5:45 am Zazen
6:15 am Interval
6:20 am Zazen
6:45 am Service

EVENING: Monday through Friday

6:00 pm Zazen
6:40 pm Service

SATURDAY:

8:00 am Beginner's Zazen instruction by appointment.
9:10 am Zazen
10:00 am Dharma Talk, followed by tea and discussion.
Donation to support the temple is appreciated.

MONTHLY MEMORIAL SERVICE for Temple founder Issan Dorsey Roshi is held on the 6th day of each month.

MEMBERSHIP: Practicing members sit regularly, may attend practice interviews with Zenshin and contribute a suggested \$40 monthly. Supporting members contribute \$20 or more a year and receive newsletters by mail. This is your temple so whatever you can offer is appreciated

Schedule of Upcoming Talks and Events

Saturday, January 23rd, 10:00 am Seido Lee deBarros, Dharma teacher at Green Gulch, ordained in 1987.

Saturday, January 23rd, 2:00 - 4:00 pm Open House.

Saturday, January 30th, 10:00 am Maylie Scott. Practicing at BZC since 1971, ordained 1989, transmission 1998.

Saturday, February 6th, 10:00 am Zenshin Philip Whalen, resident teacher at HSZC. *One Day Sitting, 5:00am-5:00pm.*

Saturday, February 13th, 10:00 am Jim Wilson (Tundra Wind), Zen teacher in Sonoma, of the Chogyo, Fuke and Soto traditions.

Saturday, February 20th, 10:00 am Furyu Nancy Schroeder. Practicing Zen since 1976. Ordained in 1986.

Saturday, February 27th, 10:00 am Michael Wenger, Dean of Buddhist Studies at SFZC, started practicing in 1968.

Saturday, March 6th, 10:00 am Zenshin Philip Whalen, resident teacher at HSZC. *One Day Sitting, 5:00am-5:00pm.*

Saturday, March 13th, 10:00 am Barbara Kohn Long time Zen Student and priest, president of SF Zen Center.

Saturday, March 20th, 10:00 am Venerable Hyunoong Sunim, a Korean Zen monk, Taoist master, and oriental herbalist. Resident teacher of the Sixth Patriarch Zen Center in Berkeley.

Saturday, March 27th, 10:00 am Ryushin Paul Haller, Dharma teacher at SFZC.

Saturday, April 4th, 10:00 am Zenshin Philip Whalen, resident teacher at HSZC. *One Day Sitting, 5:00am-5:00pm.*

Saturday, April 10th, 10:00 am Mary Mocine, Director of SFZC, practicing over 11 years, ordained by Sojun.

Saturday, April 17th, 10:00 am Mark Lancaster, lay practitioner at Green Gulch Farm since 1993.

Saturday, April 24th, 10:00 am Jim Wilson (Tundra Wind), Zen teacher in Sonoma, of the Chogyo, Fuke and Soto traditions.

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